

Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you
 And at the banckes of Anly meete us with
 The forces you can raise, where we shall finde
 The moytie of a number, for a busines,
 More bigger look't; since that our Theame is haste
 I stamp this kisse upon thy currant lippe,
 Sweete keepe it as my Token; Set you forward
 For I will see you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*
 Farewell my beauteous Sister: *Pirithous*
 Keepe the feast full, bate not an howre on't.

Pirithous. Sir

He follow you at heeles; The Feasts solempnity
 Shall want till your returne.

Thes. Cosen I charge you

Bouge not from Athens; We shall be returning
 Ere you can end this Feast; of which I pray you
 Make no abatement; once more farewell all.

1. *Qu.* Thus do'st thou still make good the tongue o'th

2. *Qu.* And earnest a Deity equal with Mars, (world.

3. *Qu.* If not above him, for

Thou being but mortall makest affections bend
 To Godlike honours; they themselves some say
 Grone under such a Mastty.

Thes. As we are men

Thus should we doe, being sensually subdude
 We loose our humane tytle; good cheere Ladies. *Floris.*
 Now turne we towards your Comforts. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. Enter Palamon, and Arcite.

Arcite. Deere Palamon, deerer in love then Blood
 And our prime Cosen, yet unhardned in
 The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the City
 Thebs, and the temptings in't, before we further
 Sully our glosse of youth,
 And here to keepe in abstinence we shame
 As in Incontinence; for not to swim
 I'th aide o'th Current, were almost to sincke.

Ac

At least to frustrate striving, and
 The common Streame, twold be
 Where we should turne or drowne
 Our gaine but life, and weaken

Pal. Your advice

Is cride up with example; what
 Since first we went to Schoole
 Walking in Thebs? Skars, and
 The gaine o'th Martialist, who
 To his bold ends, honour, and
 Which though he won, he had
 By peace for whom he fought
 To *Mars* so scornd *Alien*?
 When such I meete, and wish
 Resume her ancient fit of *Ielousie*
 To get the Soldier worke, than
 For her repletion, and retaine a
 Her charitable heart now hard
 Then strife, or war could be.

Arcite. Arcy you not out?
 Meete you no ruine, but the
 The Cranckes, and turnes of
 As if you met decacies of many
 Perceive you none, that doe
 But th'un-considerd Soldier?

Pal. Yes, I pitty
 Decacies where ere I finde them
 That sweating in an honourable
 Are paid with yce to coole 'em

Arcite. Tis not this
 I did begin to speake of: This
 Of no respect in Thebs I spake
 How dangerous if we will keepe
 It is for our refyding, where ever
 Hath a good cullor; where ever
 A certaine evill, where not to be
 As they are, here were to be str
 Such things to be meere Monster